



*LT Ranch
Summer Residencies
2022 Part 2*

*LT Ranch Summer Residencies
2022: Part 2*



This session was long anticipated. From 2020 in fact, as with many delayed things during the pandemic we wished to travel to the Ranch for our Part 2.

Initially it was to be 2021 summer then Spring of '22 but we agreed to stay put. The horror of the invasion of Ukraine was a sorrowful deterrent and also the winter seemed slow to depart extended time.
We had hoped to sow seeds in the garden...
Passing on April travels as well we began to make plans for July.

We gathered in place slowly from mid July.
The weather - as a wonder - never stopped giving during the week.
We began to locate spaces for our use, making paths amongst well established ones, adding a dialect to the existing network of movements around the ranch.
- perhaps too as a form of resistance.

The fields were meadows this year - 'conceptually beautiful', playing chess with the sky and stars
forever facing canvases, roaming the hiding places of the Ranch relics.
This carpet offered up the herbal pigments too, rubbed and drained, strained, brushed, staining.

This language of rigorous play though seemed different from previous years, not that we never played before at the ranch. This year it felt there were moments of wonder and bewilderment to be part of, to intuit our presence.
We became a group of curious beasts on a mission to do a bit of digging around, re'make, remark, repair the ranch until we all settled: developing the ideas from Part 1, making new from found parts: lace from dust then undoing it, framing telescopic corridors, weaving into the forest, calling out prehistoric beasts, performing the night, archiving light in the dark.

So we were all students this year
preparing meals & foraging
listening & whispering
writing & reading stories
making / not making
not thinking, making s*t up,
wonder-ing
just thinking - mapping
dressing up

This documentaiton follows the day into night as a cycle^{*1}. I have borrowed from overheard conversation overheard throughout the week and peripherally to write this text. I hope you recognise your words. Thank you.

We very much hope you enjoy the stories within

Kristina Kotov

- 2009** ANNA PARFIRNKO YI-CHUAN LUI YU-TING WANG
W : KEN WILDER
- 2011** AMI KANKI CHANGDA WU DAYEA PARK GEORGINA WALKER HYUNSUK PARK LEWIS BARTON SOFIA ANASTASIOU
SPYROS ANASTASIOU SYLVIA YEBING YUAN
W : ROB NICE STASYS SKLIAUSTIS
- 2012** CHRIS HUMPHREY ENZO GUIDA KEUN HYE LEE JOHN WO MIN KANG MAMO JEULIN HE MARCUS BOYLE
MAX THOMSON MO JA NEDA KAHOOKER PATRICK YI-WEI CHEN PARESH PARMAR RECY SHAO SAM LO MING SHUM
W : EMMA HUNTER STASYS SKLIAUSTIS
- 2013** ABDULBARI KUTBI JACQUELINE HU JIALING LI MENGJIE LIU MIRELLA DOURAMPEI SANG KYONG JEONG WAN-YUN TSAI
XIN WAN YA GAO YANG BAI
W : JANICE SHALES JIRI HANZLIK STASYS SKLIAUSTIS
- 2014** BINGYU HU BO LU FANG YUAN LIJIAO WEN LIN WU NAN YAO SHANDRI VAN ROOYEN SUE AHMED ZUOFUNG
ZHOU YUN NA LIU YVONNE ONAH
W : JEFFREY ADJEI JIRI HANZLIK KEN WILDER STASYS SKLIAUTIS
- 2015** DECLAN RALPH EMILIANO ZAVALA FAEZEH FATHI HELEN BREWER LIU YANG LU PENG NATHAN BACK-CHAMNESS
RICHARD FORD TIANYUE WANG WEI WU YVONNE ONAH
W : ALISON LLOYD ANNEMARIE PISCAER JEFFREY ADJEI JIRI HANZLIK STASYS SKLIAUSTIS TINA TRAN
- 2016** DANIEL STILWELL DECLAN RALPH ELIF ERGISI FAEZEH FATHI GEMMA MARIA LA ROCCA OWAIN CARUANA-DAVIES
RICHARD FORD SARAH STOLLERY YINGTING FRANNE YUAN YUAN ZOEY ZHAO
W : JEFFREY ADJEI KEN WILDER LUCY ALICE JONES STASYS SKLIAUSTIS
- 2017** ADRIENNE URSULA BENNIE ATHINA LEONTIOU CHARLOTTE CROCKER CLINTON OLAJIDE JR. FAEZEH FATHI LUNA OZBEK
NATHAN BACK-CHAMNESS PIERA DENCKER-RASMUSSEN RICHARD FORD ZIGIANT EL-SARKAOUI
W : JEFFREY ADJEI KEN WILDER LUCY ALICE JONES STASYS SKLIAUSTIS
- 2018** BEN CARPENTER DAN VAN ORSOUW DIMPLE MANMOVANLAL DECLAN RALPH ELLIOT WATERS ETHAN BURLEY
FAEZEH FATHI JACOB HEDGE MIKSA ALBERT RICHARD FORD
W : JEFFREY ADJEI NASIOS VARNAVAS NIALI HEALY STASYS SKLIAUSTIS
- X 2019** CHAYADA DISSATAPORN DAN VAN ORSOUW DECLAN RALPH ETHAN BURLEY FAEZEH FATHI JACOB HEDGE MIKSA ALBERT
KEJIN COJOY LIU NATTANIT EKSANGUL RICHARD FORD SHUHUI CRIS YIN VILIUS JOKUBAITIS
W : JEFFREY ADJEI NASIOS VARNAVAS NIALI HEALY STASYS SKLIAUSTIS

2020_ RANCH COMMUNITY:

PART 1

CHARISSA TURNER
DAN VAN ORSOUW
DECLAN RALPH
DIYA SEEPAUL
FAEZEH FATHI
JACOB HEDGE
MIKSA ALBERT
MONICA SAN PABLO SANTIAGO
NATTANIT EKSANGUL
NIALL HEALY
NICOLA TSIROUPRA
STAN CHICK
ZVONIMIR ANTIC
VILIUS JOKUBAITIS
CHAYADA DISSATAPOORN
RICHARD FORD
JEFFREY ADJEI
MAEGAN ICKE
RACHEL JONES
NASIOS VARNAVAS
COLIN PRIEST
KEN WILDER
GABOR STARK
STASYS SKLIAUSTIS*
KRISTINA KOTOV*
MATT SHAW
WILL TROSSEL
BRONE SKLIAUSTIENE*
ANTANAS SKLIAUSTIS*



2021_ RANCH COMMUNITY:

DAIVA KVIKLYTE-ČYBILIENE*
KRISTINA KOTOV*
STUČIŲ HAMLET INHABITANTS
TAURAGNU SENIUNIJA (COUNCIL)
UTENOS BIBLIOTEKA
TRANSLATOR(S):
ANTANAS BUDVYTIS
INGA MOTIEJŪNIENE
STASYS &
P. N. ŠUMINIENE
(THE LIBRARIAN - BIBLIOTIONINKĖ)

EXHIBITION* @
UTENOS KRAŠTOTYROS MUZIEJUS
PADALINYJE TAURAGNŲ KRAŠTO MUZIEJUJE

THE SHORT PLAY FILM:
SOUND & MUSIC BY GABOR STARK
PRODUCTION: D KVIKLYTE & K KOTOV
EDITING: KKOTOV



2022_ RANCH RESIDENCIES

PART 2*:

ANNEMARIE PISCAER
CHARISSA TURNER
DIMITRA VOUTSI
DIYA SEEPAUL
FAEZEH FATHI
JEFFREY ADJEI
JON SHMULEVITCH
KRISTINA KOTOV
MAEGAN ICKE*
NICOLA TSIROUPRA
INHABITANTS OF STUČIŲ KAIMAS

+
CHRIS DANIEL
DECLAN RALPH
GABOR STARK
NIALL HEALY
RACHEL JONES-JONES*
TANCHHO LAWATI

**TOOL/TOY PROJECT*



The ranch 2022. For the majority of us it was the first time visiting such a place with no preconception of what would be but only what could be. This was based on the principles of the online Ranch residency, materialising in a physical concrete place. It would be interesting to compare this with the thoughts of someone who has previously been to the Ranch space in lithuania. Many projects intertwined with the themes of uncovering, observing and others slowly integrating into the earth - not unlike the process of inhabiting the extended space again. The landmarks/ “ prehistoric relics” (thanks to Dimitra for the apt description) are slowly being uncovered being able to breath/draw air once more. Some landmarks are more pivotal than others but you only really knew if you knew. As someone else once said..... “ what happens on the ranch stays on the ranch”. It is curious how deeply rooted these themes are in the projects or maybe more aptly put - they all revolve around some kind of story telling, whether it's through observational, hearing or touch. Another note, it could be fascinating to monitor those projects that watch the earth as time slowly takes its grip on the ranch once more.

introduction by Diya Seepaul





Dust to dust, the fence

experiments of undoing

Annemarie Piscaer

Undo, defense, fence, lace, silver, privilege, cutting, sharp, doubt, vulnerable, gentile, harsh, translucent, opaque, open up, empathy, human touch, animals, butterfly effect.

This project is part of a series of experiments where I started to unravel the concept of undoing something. I feel a growing need to understand this notion of 'undoing'. Can we undo our actions, our damage to the world, our history, our privilege?

In 2022 Lithuania and Poland were building fences at the Belarus border to stop migrants entering Europe. In this situation people are used as a political instrument. I'm privileged as a European citizen to benefit from inherited wealth. But does it really belong to me? And why not to someone outside that wall / fence?

In this context, i felt like undoing a self-built 'silver lace' looking fence. Can we undo a sense of safety, accept being naïve, to be vulnerable? Loose privilege? Fences separate 'us' from 'them', it embodies our need of owning land. What are fences stopping beyond humans? It creates borders for animals and nature as well, minimize their habitat. Why should all that land belong to us? Who (or better what) should have ownership of the land?

I first build a fence. It took me a few days. It took even longer to unmake it, cutting wire piece, by wire piece. A monotonous process. Feeling vulnerable in doing this, getting cut by the wire. Whilst doing this, i started to see more and more details. Butterflies and bees buzzing by. It felt like they were reclaiming their territories as well.

This resulted in a video.
Thank you Kristina and Jeffrey.







Making



Unmaking



Doing and undoing, making and unmaking are in a constant motion. It is repetitive. So this resting place for the fence it merely temporal. Waiting for another project. But for the time being it is a relic, a reminder to embrace vulnerability. Collaboratively we gave our respect to what 'the fence' gave to us. We gently commemorated.

"Thank you fence, for defending us for such a long time. Protecting us and our children. Protecting our lands and all the things we care for. Helping us against intruders. To get out of poverty. Thank you fence. But now it is time to go. As you separate us, from them. So i invite you all, to embrace with me our vulnerability. To give up our privileges. To celebrate naivety."









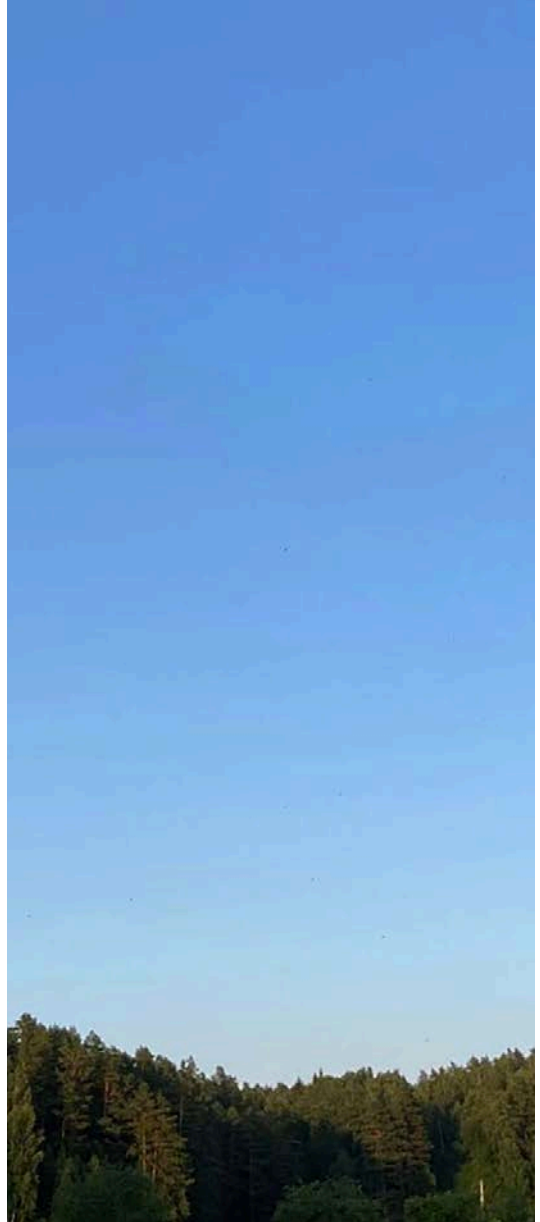


The Ranch, Avian Correspondences The Euphony of Tacit Knowledge

Charissa Turner

If available, please read the introduction from Part 1.

It was strange arriving at the Ranch. Prior, I had only really experienced the space through audio recordings and oral accounts. Therefore, my senses were almost overwhelmed with information and it took me a couple of days to refocus my awareness back into the tree-space. Through intuitive making and intentional listening, I made use of the knowledge I had gathered from my own garden in 2020 to build a wearable listening instrument to correspond with the birds in the landscape.





*My first creation at the Ranch.
A gesture to the bird song from years
past.
Bird song notations carved into a found
plank of wood.
A relic laid where the 2020 recordings
took place.*



04:40 Distant sparrows chatter

04:41 A weak "hoo" comes from the pigeon

04:41 Chiff chaffs jolly bounce

It seems as though I am early to the symphony. The song appears to be far away too.

04:43 "Chick tick" away to my left somewhere

04:43 The chiff chaff again, I think he may be in a tall pine

04:45 A beautiful lively melody with whistles and chirrups calls from behind our meeting place

I think more bird species may be awakening now.

04:47 Another bird "whittley whip whip" in the pines

04:49 A loud "pchuck chuck chuck" from the tree with the tree house

04:50 A swift frightens me as it takes off behind

04:51 Seagulls heard in the distance

The once lively tree during the day has fallen silent at this hour.

04:51 "Wheep whipt whip whip" to my right

04:56 The chiff chaff is a confident bird!

The chiff chaff sounds dominating over the other bird song.

The mist begins to roll in from my left, over the whispering meadows.

05:01 Sparrow has awoken, chicking and chucking

05:02 The chiff chaff overpowers the bouncy blackbird

05:05 A cacophony of stalks all call to signify their awakening

05:15 A thrush swoops out of the bush ahead

05:16 Another lands by the cherry tree

The first birds I have seen this morning, up until now I have only heard them.

05:20 To my right and ahead I can hear a smooth twop tweeood

05:21 The orchard is becoming livelier, sparrows beginning to move back and forth between trees

05:25 A bird of prey "chew chew" or "pew pew", long notes

05:26 The stalks call out again

05:27 Another long "pewwww"

05:28 Sitting here it feels as though the stalks are talking over me

The birdsong is much livelier and more rounded than it was an hour ago, the chiff chaffs have been out-sung.

The sparrow bush is too far for me to hear the distinct communications. To my left into the pine forest.

05:32 "Chick chick chuck chick" from the sparrows

05:33 "Do dee do dee do" flying above me

The lawn mower begins and the stalks are in exaltation.

05:35 A quiet "dree dree" behind me, out-sung by the other birds

05:36 The stalks continue in the same direction

05:39 Sparrows are sprightly from the meadow, a concealed conversation

It seems that the chiff chaffs were the wake-up call.

05:40 "Chick chick" of sparrows and a "blu dreoo" from an unknown bird far to my right



*The attentive listening device in use.
A blinding veil was added to allow my
hearing to become the dominant sense.
Old cooking pot lids were used to
enhance the soundscape.*



*Led by the avian conversations and mapped with cherry juice
indicating the placement of soundmarks.*





12 soundmarks painted with cherry juice around the Ranch landscape.

*A beautiful experience to surrender to the birds' conversation and allow them to form my path.
Some markings may remain when I return and some may decay, but both the instrument and the soundmarks shall be used to take a peak into the complex parallel lives of the avian realm once again.*





A Different Point of View

Diya Seepaul

These series of exercises started from a creative writing exercise learnt from a writing technique taught by Katie Szyszko, an artist based in Kent. The method works by starting with a prompt and writing continuously for a set amount of time. With the context of the ranch it helped to unblock the mind creatively in a way. It helped to reveal key themes and locations.



I remember getting when arriving in this new place getting out into this seemingly very serene place the air being so fresh maybe even full and the world going silent the sunlight here comes and goes like even a houseguest of somekind and ebbs in places occasionally seeing those moments where life is slowly getting around these little hidden paths wandering around you see things popping their heads out as if to say hello or what are you doing here I remember the top of what I know now as a rich life of things some parts peak and they are left over echoes or shadows of things forgotten past a what seemed like night a bench weirdly propped up with two planks of left

— sniv

'I remember when arriving in this new place getting out into this seemingly very serene place the air being so fresh maybe even full and the world going silent the sunlight here comes and goes like even a houseguest of somekind and ebbs in places occasionally seeing those moments where life is slowly getting around these little hidden paths wandering around you see things popping their heads out as if to say hello or what are you doing here I remember the top of what I know now as a kiln of things some parts peek and they are left over echoes or shadows of things forgotten past a what seemed like just a bench weird propped up with two planks of left -'

5 minutes

we and and of its uncovered what actually is a meeting place a place of gathering words conversations cultures around this fire late into the night starting as a meal continues and the sky changes from blues to hues of purples and pink but I stress this is slowly and quietly as if the scene in a movie was being slowed quite dramatically even the conversation so dense, so packed that we don't even realise the colours fade into a dark almost murky grey blue hue and it quiets around as the temperature drops but the contrast is quite lively stark huge even between the dark of the night approaching and the fire the colours bright and crackling and the warmth seeping but then being lost again as conversations die slowly so does the rest as we retreat and leave the land to be quiet and live in peace again

'over wood as its uncovered what actually is a meeting place a place of gathering words conversations cultures around this fire late into the night starting as a meal continues and the sky changes from blues to hues of purples and pink but I stress this is slowly and quietly as if the scene in a movie was being slowed quite dramatically even the conversation so dense, so packed that we don't even realise the colours fade into a dark almost murky grey blue hue and it quiets around as the temperature drops but the contrast is quite clearly stark huge even between the dark of the night approaching and the fire the colours bright and crackling and the warmth seeping but then being lost again as conversations die slowly so does the rest as we retreat and leave the land to be quiet and live in peace again.'



Another set of investigations happening alongside the framing/points of view was cataloguing the photosensitive qualities of plants around the ranch. The idea of colouring objects which react to sunlight was to document the windows/place on a map of the ranch eventually. The process is called anatype and naturally a very slow process.



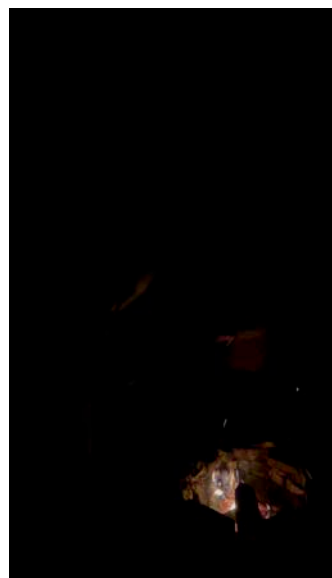
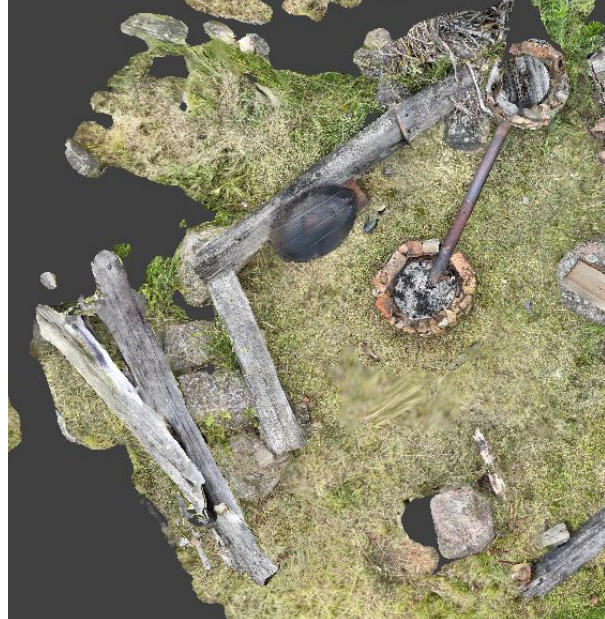


A series of snapshots of the travelling window captures the space in a moment in time. It also contains all the stories of each place and all the conversations which took place there.



The Window Who Walked





Meadownet

Jon Shmulevitch

The Ranch is inherently the greatest playground. Found objects set among its wild landscape lets us play close to nature. Not only does it provide play that is non-linear and unexpected, it's also in constant flux, transforming its opportunities throughout the seasons.

How can we test something on the ranch that could bring play closer to nature in less wild environments?



Meadownet grew from a series of experiments on site with fellow ranchers. Playing with a pile of unused irrigation tubes we enjoyed the phenomenon of long distance sound transfer. We were able to whisper to each other from a far. We found this was more fun if we couldn't see each other.

One of the most striking qualities of the ranch was the level of sound coming from the landscape. By adding a cone to the end of a tube we created a device that enabled us to listen more intimately. This object could be used by one person but more enjoyable with two.





Tree listening



Lake listening

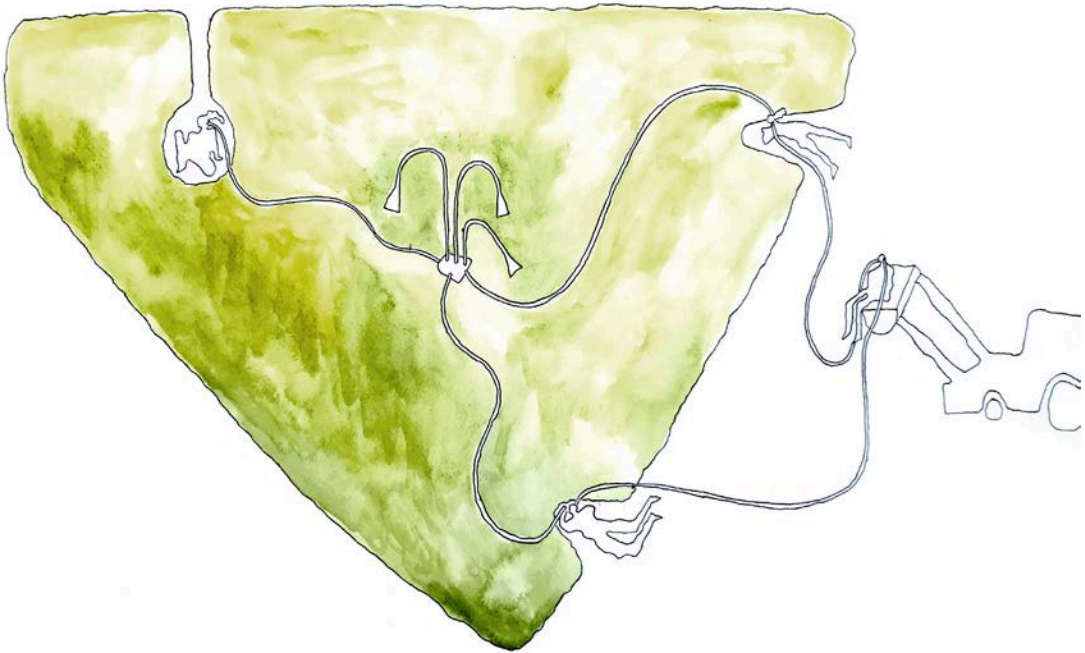


Meadow listening



This developed into a network of tubes spread within the loudest meadow. Cones in the centre transferred humming, buzzing and croaking to carved out listening points immersed at the blossom layer. A raised gallery was added to gain an alternative overhead perspective.

While listening to its ecology we could whisper, read and gossip to each other. This created an kind of internet in the meadow.



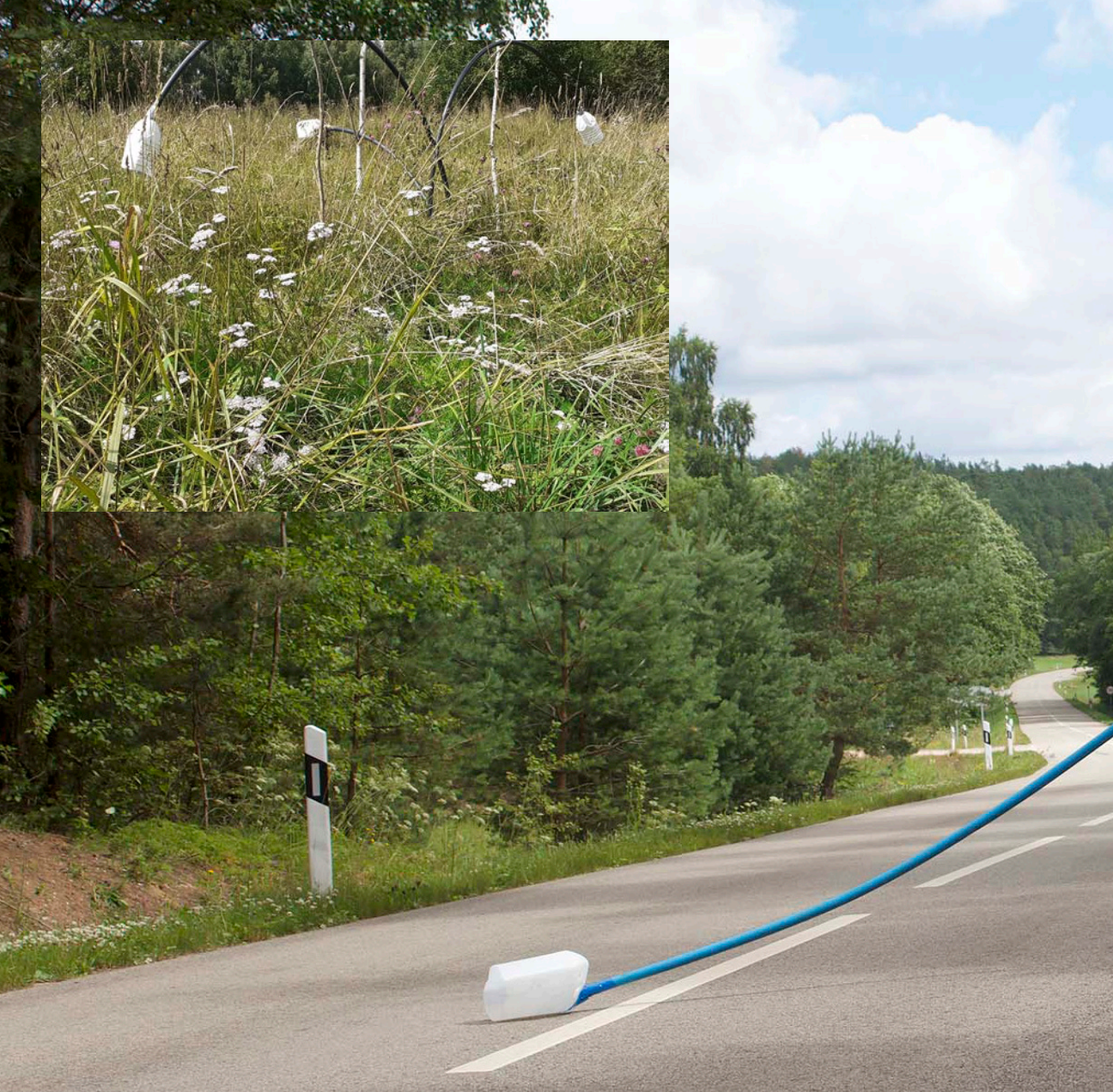






'There's a dragonfly on my leg'











metal remains of prehistoric beasts

dimitwra voutsi

This project reimagines the Ranch's past in an attempt to find the roots of its whimsical nature. Metal bits and pieces are seen as fossils of its prehistoric inhabitants, who left their artistic spirit to haunt the site inspiring artists centuries later.



The Ranch gets organized by Kristina. Kristina gives space to creativity, not uncritically but with a listener's and observer's patience and attention. And so the Ranch becomes the physical space that embodies these qualities welcoming the artists that are accommodated there to make with no self conscious inhibition.

These are very rare qualities in the fast paced world of 21st century educational institutions and professional practices.

Leaving that setting, time at the Ranch passes slowly and is spent mindfully as it is meant to. It is gifted as an opportunity to practice listening and observing. A couple of hours can be felt as a warm stroke by sun's touch on your shoulders as the light stretches from east to west.

However there is also another kind of time one can sense at the Ranch. It is one that comes with the agony entrenched in the urgency of life. One that comes with an aware appreciation of the rarity of such chances. Due to the brief amount of time spent there, one feels the urgency to live, to do, to act, to make art, to speak, to listen and to learn, in this precious occasion.

Most importantly to experiment.

I felt the urgency to advocate for bodily liberation through dance.
And turn the bodies of makers into bodies of performers.





Species: Prehistoric Beast inhabiting the Ranch



Species: Wild artists spotted around the Ranch recently
(*dangerous! might infect you with insanity, beware!*)

One of the first discussions we had at the fire after dinner was on sound and ASMR and what calms us down. One of the things I listen to to calm down this summer is a short film called "As you sleep the world empties". Walking around the Ranch one can find metal bits and pieces lying around and the following phrase from that film came to mind; "The cranes are standing like metal remains of prehistoric beasts". There may have not been cranes around, but I saw some poetry in abandoned metal unidentifiable objects.

We did some sightseeing some day later on, and encountered a crane behind a church a little later after learning about Lithuanians' history of caring for their dead. "In some ways, they care for their dead more than they do for their living" Kristina remarked*.

So among the Lithuanian grave yards here and there there was the Ranch which Anne Marrie inspired me to look at as a grave for art.

I unburied the dead bones to discover their sacrifice for keeping this place majestic.

I sculpted their bodies and embroidered souls.

I listened to their stories and turned them into gods.



*A quote from a 'Welcome to Lithuania' Youtube video watched during the early days of the session, not meant whimsically...

metal remains of prehistoric beasts

dimitra voutsis

Bits and Pieces lying around
Beasts and stories waiting to be found

Flesh was added,
skin was made,
as the people of the Ranch
made art, waiting for the sunlight to fade.

Souls get sewn
onto soul-less stone
color adds life
and day gets to dawn

The stories are told
The art is made
I wonder; how could we celebrate?
Do my beasts have to wait to be revived?
or maybe some music can help them to survive?

Come on people move your limbs,
transcend yourselves and forget your sins!
Come on ranchers move your hips,
your bodies are bags with secret dance tricks!



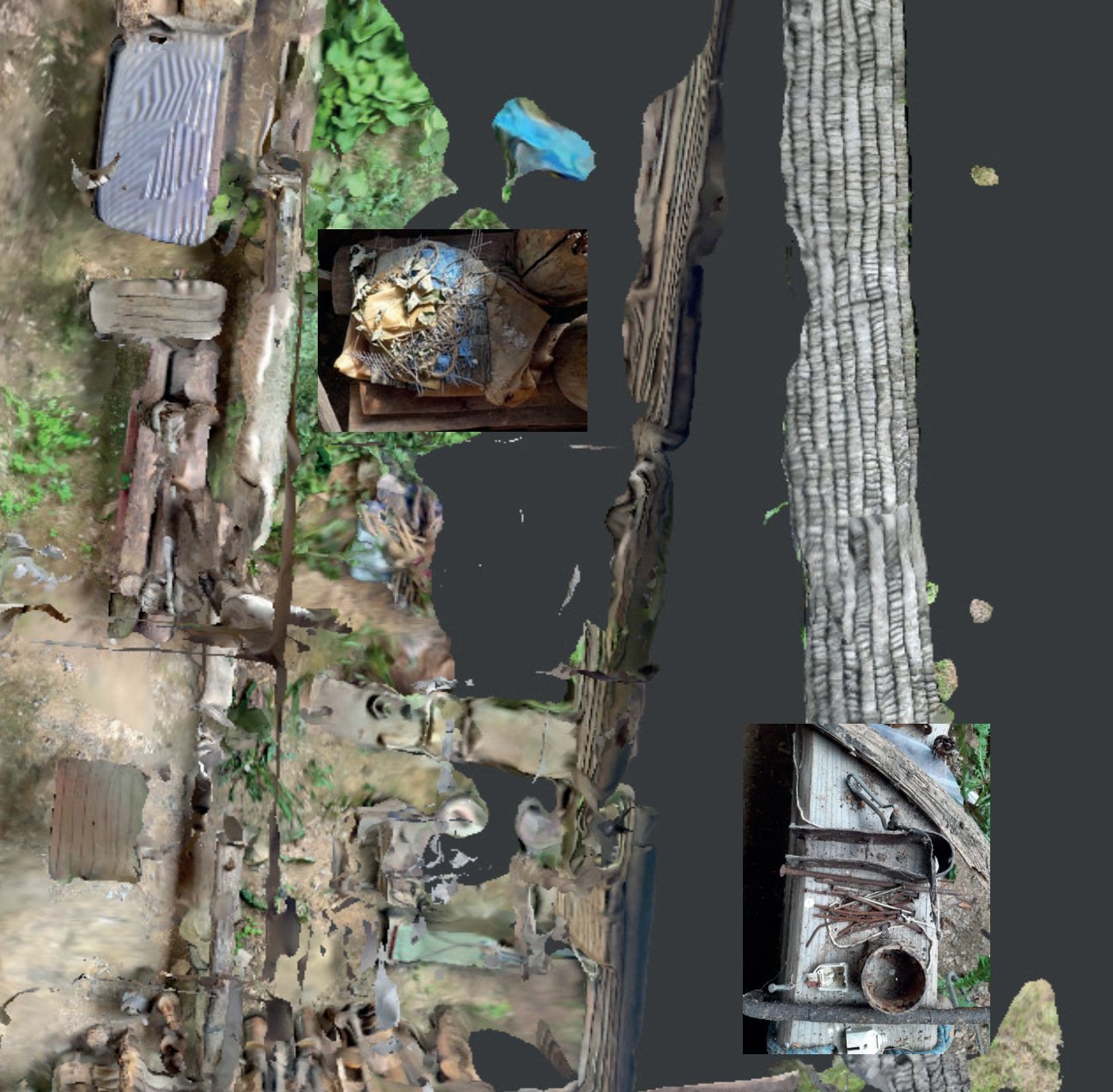


They were truly beautiful objects by the end, beautiful sculptures, beautiful things. There were humanoids with thread entangled within them symbolizing their inner complexity and birdoids with thread only as the liveliness of their eyes and little beaks that were used to nourish themselves and their babies.

Yes meaning had been placed upon them but it felt as though as soon as we left their meaning and lives would fade with our memories. Isn't that what they say? You can only keep a dead person alive through memory? I had to save them they couldn't be forgotten as quickly as a social media post. their beauty wasn't vain.

And since they were conceived during a discussion on sound and dance that was what had to keep them alive. On the final day the Beasts of the Ranch did not get exhibited. They sang. Their voices got heard. Before the people left they got a last loud joyful reminder to keep acting on their wacky ideas, to keep on dancing to keep on acting to keep on living. to keep on ranching





Weaving the Ranch

Nicola Tsioupra

Observing the awakening of the city, London, as my own personal ranch space, was the starting point of this project two summers ago. I wanted to analyse the nocturnal state of the city and the healing and recovery that takes place once mankind goes to sleep. The change in rhythm and the effect on the natural world once we begin to leave it in peace.

At the Ranch there is a similar period where nature begins to take over but it is different to the city. The natural world has the overall ruling, it always wins. When we are at the Ranch, it gives way to us but creeps up, slowly, slowly. Taking back the land. When we leave, it wins. We almost have to be harsh with it when we are there, because if we are not, there will be no way for us to move through the landscape.

There is a strange push and pull between the manmade and the natural at the Ranch. The two coexist, bouncing from one another, merging with one another and growing into one another. This is inbuilt into the landscape at the Ranch. The human footprint is little but noticeable.

Over time the Ranch has accumulated and hoarded items, materials, objects. Everywhere you look there is something else to touch. Rich textures, all manmade additions. When I began to explore at the Ranch, I became fascinated by these various materials lying around, decomposing, waiting to be used. There was a harmony as they lay in the natural landscape. A weaving of natural and manmade.

In order to explore this I chose to pull together all of the materials that interested me, creating a sort of material palette for the Ranch. I wanted to weave these together in the landscape in the form of an installation, one that could be left in the landscape.

I created a loom of sorts in the birch forest. I worked alone for three days, creating my woven walls. The place I chose to make it in was quiet and peaceful. It was just the right place for me to create in.

The loom is a commentary on the themes I have spoken about. The way the natural and unnatural can coexist together, because the Ranch allows this.

There is a truce between the natural and manmade. There is not judgement on how this material came to be on the Ranch, grown or placed. It is just a demonstration on the ways these materials can be used together to create something.

The Ranch is a place where nature is always winning. It is a place where we have to be brutal to keep on top of nature, in order to be one step ahead of it at all times. The loom allows there to be a coexistence between nature and the manmade.







These photos demonstrate the palette of the ranch, that I put together during my time there. It is made up of various materials which I found on my walks. The materials shown have all been at the Ranch for different periods of time, making their states of decay vary.

Threadbare grass carpets line the way to each room at the Ranch.

We mark these paths every morning & night, to create our own urban landscapes, our own routes, roads & pavements.

The paths are moving, living organisms.

They ebb & flow, changing each day, each hour.

We make our marks again.

The plant world slowly moves & claims back this space.

There is only true ownership to the natural world, ~~the~~ which we ~~are~~ no longer belong.

How can we?

We have little power here.

We leave & once again the earth wins, taking back its pathways.

Deer come & widen the paths.

Picadilly Circus emerges.

Mother nature gives way to us whilst we are present at the Ranch, waiting until we leave to take back its land.









The Scans

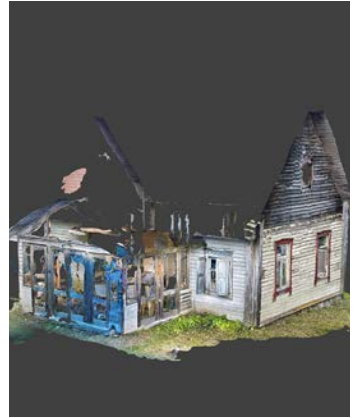
Faezeh Fathi

A Theater to showcase the beauty of the scanned landscape. The temporary Theater was created to unfold the landscape within the landscape.



Stonehenge





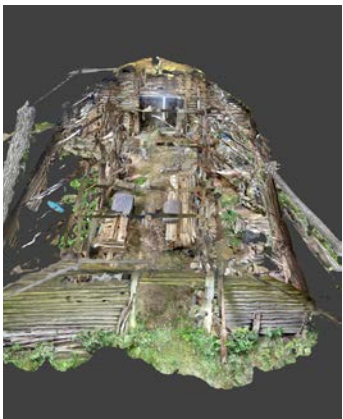
The House



The Roof-house - Scan 0.02



The Sleeping Barn



Barn2B - Scan 0.01





The Theater - Scan 0.04



The Theater

Sitting in between two apple trees ,
The Theater for two...

A roof hit by hailstones and covered
with yellow and red tapes too...

Black and green Leafy wallpaper
swaying in the gentle breeze...

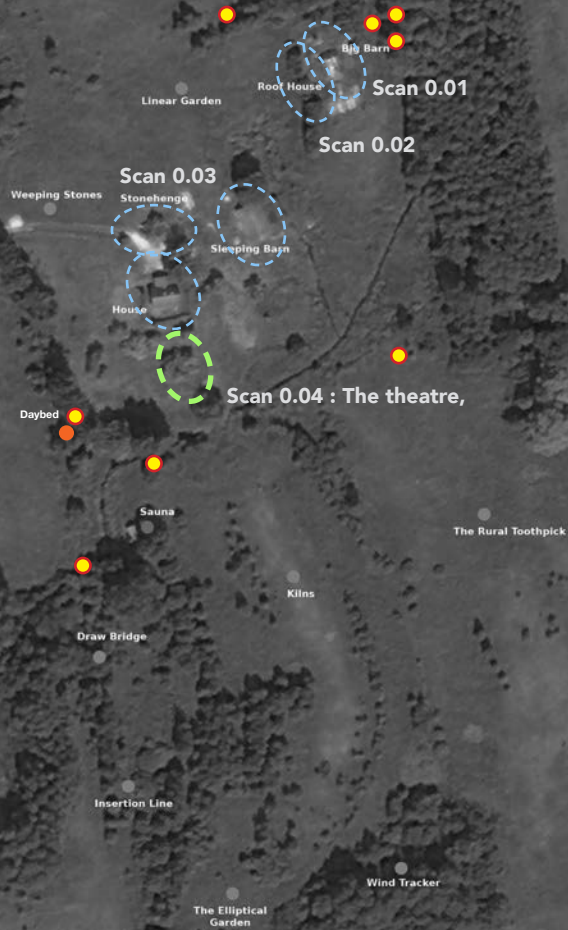
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant crickets and birds awake.







Theatre Program:



** base map borrowed from Dan van's Part 1.*









The Night Season: Journey Marker

Tool/Toy Project: Maegan Icke + Rachel Jones-Jones

History is scattered with way-finding tricks for journeys into the night. Games for children were invented with the intention of familiarising them with their surroundings in the dark. Carriages were led through the dark by a 'Moon-man' holding a white orb on a stick, or by a white horse. Chalky paths and white painted cairns would prevent night-time wanderers from being lead astray.

Evil spirits, evil deeds, evil air. The night, in western culture, is perceived as gothic and ungodly. But if we group together, as a murmuration, to construct this adventure, we can be not only safer together, but happier and perhaps more fulfilled.

The darkness at the Ranch is all encompassing, enveloping, total. ... Our guides, bone-dry, pale and dusty wooden staffs, were gathered from the eaves of barns and de-splintered with a sandpaper touch as we waited for darkness. "Rather than falling, night, to the watchful eye, rises" - A. Roger Ekirch.

The night is the freest time. Time to dream, transform, welcome in new ideas and examine old vulnerabilities.

Senses sharpened and shifted. Smells, sounds, tastes and touches awakened to explore internal and external topographies. It takes 30-40 minutes for our eyes to adjust to the darkness, to become tens of thousands of times more sensitive and able to see the furthest galaxies.

In moonlit vision, pale objects glow. Pliny writes of stones called Selenites, "wherein is a white, which increases and decreases with the moon". We transformed ourselves, donned pale costumes and followed each others' glowing silhouettes into the darkness.





As we walked, we marked positions deemed as significant. From place to place, interpretations of their 'significance' shifted. From immediate sensory observations, to markers of memory and emotion. Perhaps between us there was an urgency to share something about the place more broadly that we had become so quickly embedded in.





The markers stood for a day as notations in the landscape, of that night and what we had shared. We collected plants from around their feet that were crushed to make a dye, painted onto the bone-markers in strips.

Left to cure for another day and another night under the hot sun and stars, they were collected again to be raised together as a memorial - kopylstulpis - a map for those who know how to read it.



We can carve out recreational time that is not for passive consumption but rather devoted to undirected playfulness, ludic, luminescence in the dark hours. The sensual and spiritual pleasures we might find in the night time, in "vain unprofitable musing" (John Wade, 1692). Midnight brings quiet wakefulness and a kaleidoscope of partially crystalized ideas.

We can walk out into the night, for unproductive and unstructured, non-functional excursions. "Lose time to gain space" - "the pleasure of getting lost for the sake of knowledge", to orientate ourselves in the darkness, submerge, wander, get lost.







A visit to the Etnocosmological Museum & observatory in Kulionys, for a midnight peak at those voids bet



between visible stars and the time













the new bench at Stownehenge, much needed repair and a few alterations after these last 2 years. Thank you Jeffrey and Annemarie.

Ranch Recipes:



Stomach Anatomy Apron, George Maciunas
Fluxus Room, SMC, Vilnius

Summer 2022

Vegetable Dahl (Charissa)

Serves 12

500g Dried Lentils (rinsed)
2 Diced Onions
3 Minced Garlic Cloves
2 Diced Peppers
2 Diced Courgettes
1 Diced Aubergines
2 Tinned Tomato's
500ml Vegetable Stock
2 tbsp Garam masala
1 tbsp Ground Cumin
2 tsp Turmeric
1-2 tsp Chilli flakes
Salt and pepper to taste

Heat up the oil in a saucepan, then add the onions and sauté for a few minutes until transparent, then add the garlic and fry for about 30 seconds.

Next add in all the vegetables and fry for about 15 minutes, or until they become tender.

Then add the dried lentils along with all the spices to fry off for about 1 minute.

After this pour in the vegetable stock and the tinned tomato's and stir until combined.

Now leave this on a very low heat for approximately 45-60 minutes until the lentils have absorbed the liquid. Stir every now and again and add water if it appears too thick.

While this is cooking (and if you are at the Ranch), it may be pleasant to prepare some buckwheat to accompany your Dahl. This is usually made with a ratio of 1:1, buckwheat to water.



Season this with lemon, salt and pepper.

Once the Dahl has thickened and the lentils are tender, try your creation and add salt and pepper to taste.

Serve this with buckwheat or rice and enjoy your Vegetable Dahl!

(Best eaten with friends and also delicious cold)

dahl (Charissa)
(alternative recip)

6 cups of birdsong
3 tablespoons of early light
2 rivets



Farata (flat bread)- (Diya)

Makes 10/15 Faratas
1kg flour
800ml water
Some cooking oil in a small bowl

Pour flour into a large bowl, add water slowly cup by cup and mix with hands until a dough forms.

Once all is mixed, knead with hands and fists on a well floured surface. Cover with clingfilm and leave to rest in the fridge for half an hour.

Take out of fridge and separate into 10/15 small balls. Roll out each ball one by one. Make a small incision in the centre out and spread some oil on this layer. Roll into a cone.

Place point up and then flatten with your palm to make it round. Roll until thin enough to your liking.

rice pudding - (Jeffrey)*

Use leftover rice: we had a new (donated) rice cooker to initiate this year, courtesy of Chayada after the summer of 2019. We got a little carried away, but Jeffrey's rice pudding never disappoints.

It may be a family recipe, hence we patiently await negotiations to be able to share this recipe. TBC

Aubergine yogurt (Fay)

Ensure aubergine slices are fried with a pinch of salt to not let them absorb too much oil.

Cool and crush, add yogurt for smooth mixture.

Add a some garlic salt pepper and valaaa that's it

Ingredients:

☐ Large / long Eggplants (Aubergine/Brinjal)	2
☐ Yoghurt (I use 1/2 cup greek style and 1/2 cup thick sour yoghurt)	1 cup
☐ Garlic, minced	4-5 cloves
☐ Olive oil	2 Tbsp
☐ Mild chilli powder (Kashmiri) or Turkish Sweet Red Pepper powde	1 tsp (2 gms)
☐ Dried mint	1 tsp
☐ Salt	To taste
☐ Finely chopped fresh parsley, for topping (Optional)	2 Tbsp

Above is the Turkish way of doing it which is also nice

Spread a bit of oil using kitchen roll on the pan and place the farata. It will start to rise then you flip.

The extra folding step is what makes it nice and flaky.

The next step, enjoy!

Avocado rice - (Dimitra)

Add rice to a blended mixture of: avocado, preserved lemon (or lemon juice and salt), toasted cashews, thyme, tiny splash of olive oil (more of if avocado is not ripe), pepper other herbs or spices of choice



gooseberry compot (Kristina)

I specifically didnt trim around the established gooseberries this year, treating them instead like relics-leaving them to hide from predators so us human preadtors could enjoy the fruits as they ripen. It worked for a while for the 3 established bushes. The 3 replanted bushes needed markers to distinguish them from the meadow growth

2-3 handfulls of gooseberries wash, and nip the tails off both ends, if you feel its needed. Put in low pot with a smidge of water and sugar to taste (sugar of your choice), simmer until syrupy. Excellent for breakfast or over ice cream.

Tzatziki - (Nicola)

Ingredients:
4 to 6 heaped table spoons of full fat greek yogurt
3/4 of a large cucumber, grated
1 to 2 garlic cloves, crushed or chopped finely
Small handful of fresh dill, chopped
olive oil
salt to taste

First, you need to strain and squeeze the grated cucumber so the excess water does not get into the dip and makes it watery. (You can save the juice to drink with lots of ice, mint and lemon juice, very refreshing!) Add the cucumber into a bowl with the yogurt, crushed garlic and dill. Add a few glugs of olive oil and mix. Look at the texture of dip, if you want it to be more yogurt based add more, more cucumber grate more, more garlicky add another half clove. Then add a generous amount of salt (it really makes a difference!) and taste. Make any neccessary adjustments and, if all is well, its ready to serve.

nettle soup (Jon & Annemarie ++)

(the overheard recipe)

_wear gloves and run the stems along the needles avoiding the sting
_-the nettles have to be young
_leave to soak (hot or cold water?)
_prepare broth as per your favourite recipe.

Grois Pois (Potato and butter bean curry. This translates to big beans) (Diya)

This serves 10
5-6 large potatoes peeled and quartered (this is important so it melts but not too much so you still taste the potato.)
6 tomatoes quartered then halved.
1 tsp Garam Masala
1 Tsp Cumin or Jeera
2 cans of Butter beans
4 cloves garlic crushed
2cm of ginger crushed
Turmeric
Water
2 onions sliced thin
Chili powder (optional)

Cook the potatoes slowly on one separate pot (not boiled yet though).

At the same time in a separate pan, add oil, garam masala, jeera, garlic and ginger and fry until onions are golden. Then add the tomatoes cook for 7-8 minutes.

Whilst this is cooking in a bowl add a cup of warm water and a tablespoon of turmeric. - This is a kind of a curry stock for the base.

Once the tomatoes are soft add the turmeric liquid add cook for a few minutes again.

By now the potatoes are almost cooked but not completely boiled. Then add the tomato mixture into the potato pot with the two cans of butter beans and cook/boil until the potatoes are completely soft.

Serve while hot with rice or farata.











other contributions

kristina Kotov and others

The roof house contains various stacks: items of possible use, but also the remains of the first big barn we dismantled with Annemarie, Tom Gallant and Thijs Ewalts back in 2009. The roof itself is as other roofs, pluggged, taped, casting humourous shadows through these hail punctured openings making cartoon drawings to be interpreted variously.

We happily accept donations of unwanted items found in barns, old houses and structures to add to our a cabinets of curiosities etc.



The roof house was the location for Gabor's Part 1 in 2020. Before we started this residency, he unearthed again the perlin I brought to London from the Big Barn we reassembled with Jeffrey, Annemarie and others in 2014.

This piece RNC didn't have material strength though it did have other qualities Gabor has been playing with ever since.

The following pages are some of his experiments as a kind of peripheral ongoing project. This and other gestures are welcome contributions.



the third eye

The animistic reappears from hidden relics- this porcupine stack- for example.

Thank you to Maegan for your help with this one.

Still taking the barn for a walk

Gabor Stark

Eight years ago, Kristina Kotov bought a timber barn from one her neighbours and forensically dissected, relocated, and reassembled the vernacular building on her land. As part of the Barn 2B project, I was given a two-metre-long piece of the original timber structure, labelled RNC.

Since then, the plan has always been to carve scale versions of the travelling barn out of the drifting piece of wood, to mount them on spindly legs, to repatriate the seemingly walking creatures, and to let them roam through their indigenous landscape again.

At the time, I only managed to build a first prototype (nicknamed Barney I.), but otherwise the unwrapped piece of wood sat behind my office door in Canterbury for several years. Whilst the idea of the zoomorphic object had become a key motif of The Friendly Army, my site-specific sculpture project at East Kent Railway in Kent, and the wood dust of the worm-eaten log had led to other, remote LT Ranch projects (Hail to the Roof; Particle Poem; Particle Landscapes. See LT Ranch catalogue 2020), it was only this summer that I started to cut RNC into smaller pieces. Next to a lying, sleeping barn and other fragments, there are now three Barneys, each with four original iron nails as legs. The project is still unfinished; all pieces still must be mounted and, at some point, taken home.

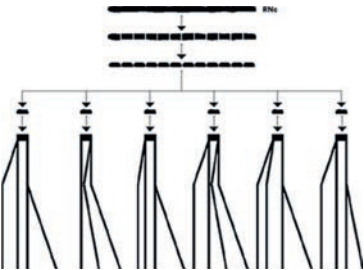
As it turned out, taking a barn for a walk takes much longer than you think.



The three Barneys, 2022

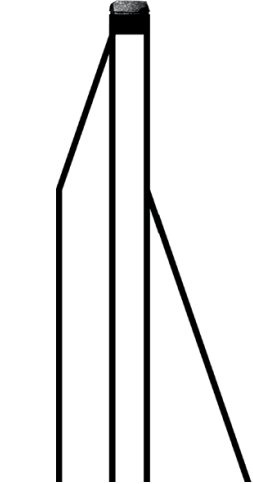


Barn 2B, 2014



Barney I., 2015

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Particle Poem, 2019





The three Barneys



RNc, 2022



Particle landscape, 2020



part 1, 2020

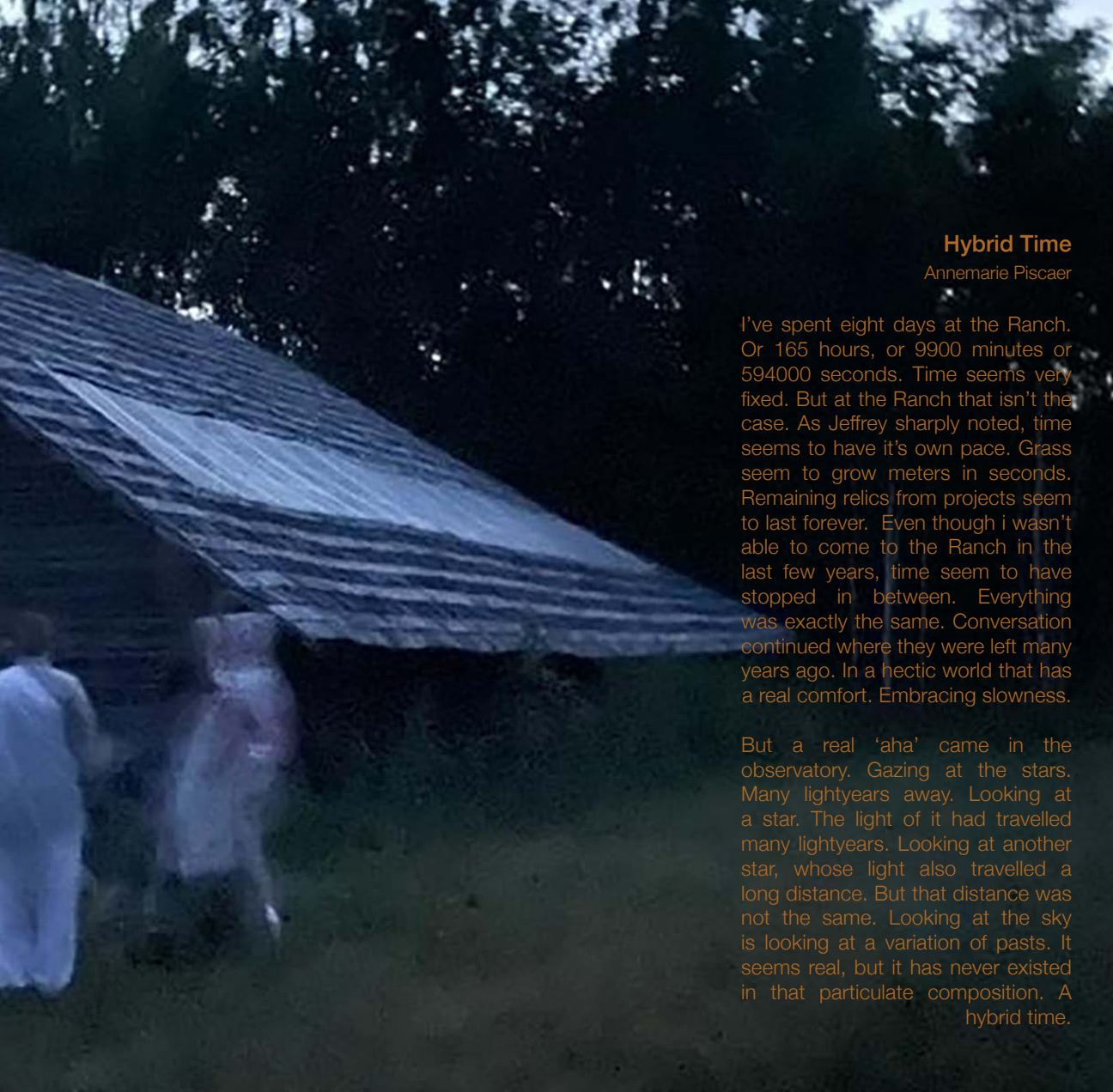




part 2, 2022







Hybrid Time

Annemarie Piscaer

I've spent eight days at the Ranch. Or 165 hours, or 9900 minutes or 594000 seconds. Time seems very fixed. But at the Ranch that isn't the case. As Jeffrey sharply noted, time seems to have it's own pace. Grass seem to grow meters in seconds. Remaining relics from projects seem to last forever. Even though i wasn't able to come to the Ranch in the last few years, time seem to have stopped in between. Everything was exactly the same. Conversation continued where they were left many years ago. In a hectic world that has a real comfort. Embracing slowness.

But a real 'aha' came in the observatory. Gazing at the stars. Many lightyears away. Looking at a star. The light of it had travelled many lightyears. Looking at another star, whose light also travelled a long distance. But that distance was not the same. Looking at the sky is looking at a variation of pasts. It seems real, but it has never existed in that particulate composition. A hybrid time.



Maegen Icke Jon Shmulevitch Diya Seepaul
Nicola Tsioupra Dimitra Voutsis

Jeffrey Adjei Faezeh Fathi Charissa Turner
Kristina Kotov Annemarie Piscaer*

Our last text line in our Catalogue 2020 was 'look forward to seeing in you all for Part 2'.
We made it.

Thank you all for coming and joining along the way. Everyone's contributions made this year particularly smooth and thoughtful, as well as poignant. Thank you especially Jeffrey, for your continued commitment to the ranch project, and of course Annemarie. Maegen for your continuous support during these years, Charissa and Nicola- your steadiness and dedication, Diya for your straight talking and poetic sensibilities + editorial input, Jon and Dimitra for joining in with humour, enthusiasm and insight. And finally Fay, for her the steadiness and grace to keep the ranch project moving forward.

Thank you for the daily checks from our neighbours to see how we were doing, to those of you who could come early to help set up, and those who could stay a few extra days to tidy up. Heartfelt thank you.

Those who hoped to travel but couldn't for one reason or another, yet kept track of our activities online, it was good to hear from you.

It's been an exceptional if at times overwhelming & humbling session.

kristina kotov
LT ranch space
artistic director

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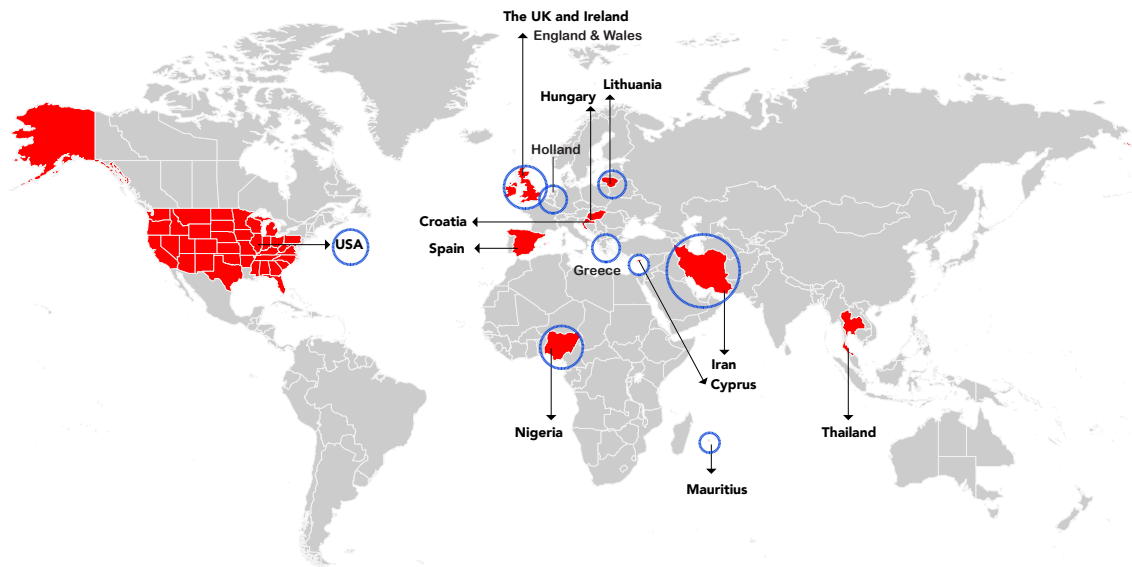


ual: university
of the arts
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chelsea



EMBASSY OF
THE REPUBLIC
OF LITHUANIA
IN THE UK





Part 2_2022

A road map.
This is not a definitive record by any means though a snapshot of sessions from the last few years with adjusted locations of how we may identify ourselves. A ranch diaspora of sorts.



P.S. never stop dancing...